

MORE PAGES OF STORIES

NO. 37
FEB. 10¢

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



In this issue:

BORDER INCIDENT!



THE CHAMPS

By Walter Farmer



"A GOOD COACH can make a champion out of any healthy young man," declared U. Otto Tellem, who was on the advisory board of the Interstate Athletic Committee.

"Nonsense," asserted Les Fite, coach of football, track and badminton at State DeFax University. "A coach is only as good as his players. The best coach in the world can't win if he has a no-talent squad."

Mr. Tellem leaned back from the table, puffed on his cigar, and declared, "Bosh!"

Coach Fite took a sip of his coffee, wrinkled his brow, and exclaimed, "Bosh? What do you mean—bosh?"

"I mean coaches are always making excuses. A coach is supposed to mold his men. He should take the raw clay and make a champion. It is such an easy thing to do, but all you coaches are lazy. You want your champions ready-made for you."

Les Fite glared at U. Otto Tellem as if he'd like to punch the committeeman in the nose. But he held his temper, took another sip of coffee, and finally said, "Look, Otto, you are talking very big. Now I am not a betting man and I would not make a large wager because I think that is wicked. But if you can go to just any old town and pick out a team of young men and win a championship in the Interstate Olympics, I will be happy to buy you a fine dinner, complete with soup and dessert. Of course, if you can't do it, you have to buy me a dinner."

"Well—er—ah . . ." said U. Otto Tellem.

"Put up or shut up," suggested the coach.

Mr. Tellem loathed the idea of shutting up, so he agreed to the proposition. The men called the waiter who brought them a map of the United States from the wall of the restaurant

office. Blindfolded with a napkin, Tellem stabbed at the map with a fork. The fork landed at a place called Rock Bottom, Arizona, and Mr. Tellem, himself, landed there a few days later.

The stagecoach let him off in front of the Poison Arrow Hotel. He was pleased to note that there were quite a good many very muscular, broad-shouldered young men in the town, strolling along the dusty Main Street or lolling in front of the general store.

"Should be able to recruit a good football team here, or at least a basketball or hockey squad," thought Mr. Tellem. "They all look strong enough to do anything."

He registered at the hotel, carried his bag up to his room, then went out on the Main Street of Rock Bottom to start his recruiting. He saw a man leaning against the porch of the hotel, whistling. Mr. Tellem approached him and said, "Say, I'm looking for some athletes. What games do the boys play around here?"

"Mostly stud or draw," responded the man.

"Huh? Oh, yes. Well what I meant was, don't they play any games where there's any hitting or running?"

"If a fella shows up with an ace in his sleeve there's bound to be hitting or running or both," drawled the man.

"But doesn't anybody around here play football or baseball?"

"Never heard of them games, Stranger," said the whittler. "Reckon maybe they must be the kind with deuces and one-eyed Jacks wild. Folks around here jest don't cater to 'em."

"Well, in the wintertime doesn't anyone play hockey?"

"Oh, yes. They do that. I reckon quite a few of the little boys play hockey from school."

(Continued on inside back cover)



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

Lash LARUE

in the **SIGN of the HEXX!**

OKAY, LARUE!
LET'S SEE YU
GET OUT OF
THIS SPOT!

HERE ARE MANY PHASES TO A ROVING MARSHAL'S JOB AND AMONG THEM IS FACING DEATH, WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE TWO-GUN KING OF THE BULLWHIP HAS TO DO WHEN HE MEETS UP WITH THE SIGN OF THE HEXX!

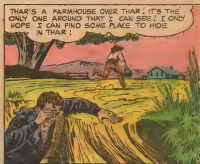
AT THE LAZY Y BUNKHOUSE

THAT WAS A MIGHTY SWELL FEED! I WANT TO THANK YOU JASPERS ONCE AGAIN FOR INVITING ME TO JOIN YOU! NOW I RECKON I'D BETTER MOSEY ON!

COME GUICK! SOME BANDIT'S HOLDING UP CHARLIE IN THE RANCH HOUSE AND FORCING HIM TO OPEN THE SAFE!

YOU'D BETTER LET ME HANDLE THIS!





I JUST GOT AN IDEA!

I CAN DO BETTER THAN HIDE YUH! WOULD IT BE WORTH HALF THE LOOT, HEKK, IF I GOT YUH ACROSS THE BORDER SAFELY?

IT SURE WOULD GROSSINS! BUT HOW DO YUH AIM TO DO IT?



GIVE ME MY SHARE OF THE LOOT AND I'LL SHOW YUH!

OKAY, GROSSINS! HYAR IT IS! BUT REMEMBER, NO TRICKS!



WHEN YUH CAME IN I WAS JUST ABOUT TO DELIVER THAT WAGON-LOAD OF HAY! ALL YUH'VE GOT TO DO IS HIDE INSIDE THE HAY AND I'LL TAKE YUH ACROSS THE BORDER! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT YORE IN THAR!

THAT IS A GOOD IDEA, GROSSINS! LET'S GET GOING!



MEANWHILE---

MY EYES STILL SMART, BUT AT LEAST I CAN SEE--- BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HEKK! IN FACT, THERE'S NO PLACE WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE HIDDEN EXCEPT THAT FARMHOUSE! I'LL GO HAVE A LOOK!



BUT AS LASH LA RUE REACHES THE FARMHOUSE---

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE FARMER LEAVING NOW! I HOPE SOMEONE ELSE IS AROUND!



BUT THERE ISN'T!

THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'D HAVE ANY OBJECTION TO MY SEARCHING!



SHORTLY AFTER---

PSST, HEKK, LISTEN CAREFULLY! I'VE JUST BEEN THINKING THINGS OVER! WE'RE APPROACHING THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! IF YUH DON'T SHOVE THE REST OF THE LOOT UP THROUGH THE TOP OF THE HAY, I'LL STOP AND TURN YUH OVER TO HIM!

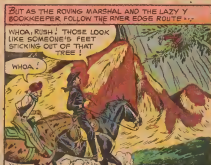
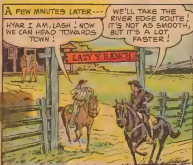
YUH DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER! I'LL GET YUH FER THIS!

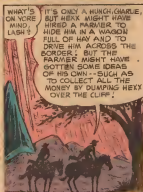


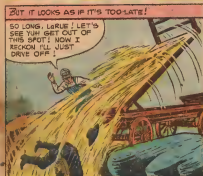
SHHH! IF YUH YELL THAT LOOD, SOMEONE'S BOUND TO HEAR!

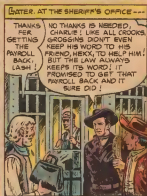
OKAY, HYAR'S THE MONEY! BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH YUH, GROSSINS! AS SOON AS THE LAW STOPS LOOKING FER ME, I'LL COME BACK ACROSS THE BORDER AND MAKE YUH PAY FER THIS!











WAGONWHEELS

...A WORDY REPORT!



HOWDY, WAGONWHEELS! I WENT VISITING MY AUNT'S HOUSE! WHAR HAVE YUM BEEN?



IS THAT HOW SO? HOW IS SHE? FINE, BUT WE HAD A LITTLE EXCITEMENT THAR THIS MORNING!



HUH? YUH HAD THAT'S A LITTLE EXCITEMENT THAR THIS MORNING? THAT'S RIGHT! HER DOG STARTED CHEWING UP A DICTIONARY!



WHAT? HER POOCH STARTED CHEWING UP A DICTIONARY? THAT'S RIGHT...



— BUT I TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF HIS MOUTH! (ULP...)



MOLASSES MOUTH



WATCH OUT!

HOWDY, MOLASSES MOUTH! I HEAR TELL YUH HAD A BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK! THAT'S RIGHT!



CONGRATULATIONS! DID YUH GET ANY PRESENTS? I SURE DID!



I GOT A WATERPROOF, SHOCKPROOF, UNBREAKABLE, AIRTIGHT MAGNETIC WATCH!



WHAT? YUH GOT A WATERPROOF, SHOCKPROOF, UNBREAKABLE, AIRTIGHT MAGNETIC WATCH? JEEPEERS, THAT'S TERRIFIC! NOTHING CAN EVER HAPPEN TO A WATCH LIKE THAT!



OH NO?— I LOST IT!



Lash LARUE

BORDER INCIDENT

I KNOW IT IS NOT MANNERS TO ASK FAVORS OF A GUEST, SEÑOR LARUE, BUT IF THE RUMOR WE HAVE JUST HEARD IS TRUE, AND IF IT SHOULD SUCCEED, THAT SOME COUNTRYMEN OF YOURS PLAN TO SMUGGLE RIFLES ACROSS THE BORDER INTO THE HANDS OF OUR REBELS, THEN EVERYONE HERE IN THIS VALLEY IS DONE FOR! WE WILL BE MASSACRED BEFORE ANY HELP COULD REACH US!

I WILL DO MY BEST, SEÑOR GOMEZ, TO PREVENT THE SMUGGLING!

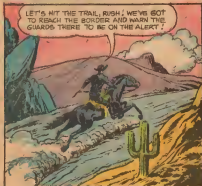
ONE DAY AT A MEXICAN HACIENDA ---

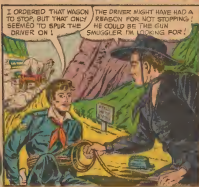
LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE BORDER AND WARN THE GUARDS THERE TO BE ON THE ALERT!

LATER, AT THE BORDER ---

STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

I CAN'T STOP AT THE SPEED I'M GOING AND SPEED I'M GOING AND EVEN IF I COULD I WOULDN'T---NOT WITH A LOAD OF GUNS HIDDEN IN THE BACK OF THIS WAGON! IF THAT GUARD INSISTS UPON STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, I'LL JUST HAVE TO RIDE RIGHT OVER HIM!





IF I LEAVE THE WAGON TO CHASE AFTER THAT WARMINT, THE RIFLES MIGHT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF SOME REBELS WHO COULD BE HIDING SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE. AS MUCH AS I HATE TO LET THAT SMUGGLER ESCAPE---



---I RECKON THE BEST THING TO DO IS GET THIS WAGON FULL OF GUNS BACK ACROSS THE BORDER WHERE IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM.



I SEE YUH CAUGHT THE WAGON, LASH. WHAT'S IN IT THAT THE DRIVER WAS AFRAID TO LET US SEE?



RIFLES!

YUH MEAN HE WAS AIMING TO SAUSAGE THIS CONTRABAND ACROSS THE BORDER?

EXACTLY! NOW LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY CLUES AS TO THAT DRIVER'S IDENTITY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

I LOOKED AT THE RIFLES MYSELF! THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE A NAME ON THEM! DID YUH FIND ANYTHING, LASH? NOTHING DEPUTITE BUT I DID FIND THIS CARD!



THEY MIGHT BE THE ONES WHO MADE THESE RIFLES! FINDING THE CARD MEANS NOTHING, LASH! AFTER ALL, ANYONE SMUGGLING ARMS WOULD HAVE THE CARDS OF RIFLE MAKERS TO KNOW WHERE TO GET MORE FROM!



THAT'S VERY TRUE, BUT SINCE THIS IS THE ONLY LEAD I'VE GOT, I'M GOING TO FOLLOW IT UP! IF BY ANY CHANCE THE SALLIS BROTHERS DID MANUFACTURE THESE GUNS, THEY AT LEAST CAN TELL ME TO WHOM THEY SOLD THEM!

GOOD LUCK, LASH! I'LL TURN THESE RIFLES OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!



LATER, AT THE SALLIS BROTHERS RIFLE COMPANY---

YORE BACK FASTER THAN I EXPECTED, JOE! DID YUH GET THE MONEY?

MONEY MY FOOT! I'M LUCKY I GOT BACK MYNAR MYSELF! THE ROYING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, ALMOST GOT ME AT THE BORDER, BUT I MANAGED TO ESCAPE WITHOUT HIM EVEN GETTING A GOOD LOOK AT ME!



AND AFTER JOE SALLIS EXPLAINS---

"--SO I RECKON, CONSIDERING WHAT HAPPENED, THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO CLOSE UP AND FORGET THE IDEA OF MAKING MONEY BY SNAUGLING GUNS TO THE REBELS ACROSS THE BORDER."

RELAX, JOE! SINCE THEY DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT YUH AND WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY NAMES ON THE RIFLES, THAT'S NO WAY OF TRACING THOSE ARMS TO US!



SHORTLY AFTER---

TOM! LOOK! IT'S THAT LANDOG WHO ALMOST CAUGHT ME AT THE BORDER AND HE'S HEADINS THIS WAY! IT'S TOO LATE TO RUN NOW, BUT IF HE STARTS TO QUESTION US ABOUT THOSE RIFLES, WHO CAN WE SAY WE SOLD THEM TO?

WE CAN'T SAY WE SOLD THEM TO ANYONE! ONCE HE CHECKED UP AND FOUND OUT WE WERE LYING HE'D KNOW WE WERE GUILTY! JUST LET ME DO THE TALKING IF HE STOPS HYAR!



AND LASH LARUE STOPS THERE!

THOSE RIFLES COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OURS, MARSHAL! YUH SEE WE'RE NEW IN THIS BUSINESS AND WE HAVEN'T SOLD ANY OF OUR STOCK YET!

WOULD YOU MIND IF I LOOKED AT YOUR BOOKS?



OF COURSE NOT, WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE!



ACCORDING TO YOUR RECORDS, YOU'VE MANUFACTURED 1000 RIFLES UP TO DATE! IF WHAT YOU SAID IS TRUE, THAT YOU HAVEN'T SOLD ANY YET, THEY SHOULD ALL BE HERE! WOULD YOU MIND IF I HAD A LOOK?

ER--ER--ER--

OF COURSE NOT! BUT ALL OUR RIFLES ARE KEPT IN OUR WAREHOUSE AND THE PLACE IS SO DARK IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE ANYTHING!



IF YOU'LL GIVE ME AN HOUR TO SET UP SOME LIGHTS IN THE WAREHOUSE, YOU CAN DO ALL THE LOOKING YUH LIKE!

OKAY! THAT WILL GIVE ME TIME TO HAVE DINNER! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR!



THAT WAS A SMART MOVE, TOM! ONCE THAT LANDOG COUNTS THE RIFLES AND SEES THERE ARE ONLY FIVE HUNDRED LEFT, WE'VE BE DONE FOR! STALLING HIM FOR AN HOUR WILL GIVE US PLENTY OF TIME TO GET OUT OF HYAR!

I DON'T AIM TO USE THAT HOUR TO RUN! NOW LISTEN! THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO DO IS GET ALL THOSE REMAINING GUNS OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE! THEN---



FIFTY MINUTES LATER, AT THE WAREHOUSE---

OKAY, TOM, WE'VE GOT ALL THE RIFLES HIDDEN, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S GOING TO HELP US! WHEN THAT ROVING MARSHAL FINDS THIS PLACE EMPTY HE'LL STILL COME AFTER US!

LARUE'S NOT GOING TO FIND THE RIFLES MISSING! ONLY---





THE KEROSENE WAS BROUGHT THE UNCONSCIOUS LASH LARUE TO---BUT ONLY TO SEE---

NOW LET'S GO, JOE! WE'LL PICK UP THE REMAINING RIFLES AND TRY CROSSING THE BORDER AGAIN! THOSE REBELS PROMISED TO PAY GOOD MONEY PER WHATEVER RIFLES WE MANAGE TO SMUGGLE TO THEM!



THE FIRE IS BURNING UP THE ROPES WITH WHICH THEY TIED ME, BUT THAT STILL WON'T BE ANY HELP TO ME UNLESS I MANAGE TO PUT OUT THE REST OF THE FIRE BEFORE IT BURNS RIGHT THROUGH MY CLOTHES!



MAYBE IF I ROLL AROUND IN THE DIRT IT WILL SMOTHER THE FLAMES!



IT WORKED! WHEN THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! I KNOW WHICH WAY THOSE WARMINTS ARE HEADING! NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CATCH UP TO THEM, RUSH!

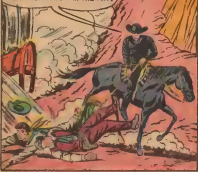


SHORTLY AFTER---

THAT MUST BE THEM RIGHT AHEAD! IT'S THE SAME KIND OF WAGON THAT WE STOPPED EARLIER TODAY ACROSS THE BORDER!



WHEN YOU GET TO YOUR FEET, KEEP YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!



YOUR SMUGGLING DAYS ARE OVER, AND FOR THAT MATTER, SO ARE YOUR BURNING UP HABITS! THE ONLY THING THAT WILL BURN FROM NOW ON WILL BE YOU TWO AS YOU SIT IN JAIL AND THINK OF THE FOLLY OF TRYING TO BEAT THE LAW!



"Lash" LARUE in

The MISLEADING CLUE!



SWING YORE PARTNER
TO THE RIGHT! NOW
SWING YORE PARTNER
TO THE LEFT!

THIS HAS BEEN ONE OF THE HAPPIEST
EVENINGS OF MY LIFE! CAN YOU IMAGINE
A LITTLE NOBODY LIKE ME BEING ASKED
TO A SQUARE DANCE BY THE WORLD'S
BRAVEST ROVING MARSHAL?

THE PLEASURE'S BEEN ALL
MINE! IT ISN'T OFTEN I GET THE
OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE SUCH
A PRETTY GIRL
DANCING!

THAT WAS THE LAST DANCE, FOLKS!
AND NOW IT WILL BE HOME SWEET
HOME!

THE
EVENING
FLEW BY
SO FAST!

IT SURE DID,
RONNIE! I'LL
SEE YOU NOME!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE CLEM
PETERS' RANCH ---

THANKS AGAIN FOR A
LOVELY EVENING, LASH,
AND DON'T FORGET
WE HAVE A LUNCH
DATE TOMORROW!
I'LL EXPECT YOU
HERE AT NOON!

I'LL BE
HERE,
RONNIE!
NOW, LET'S
GO, RUSH!



AND AS RONNIE PETERS ENTERS
HER UNCLE'S RANCH HOUSE ---

I THOUGHT YUH SAID
YUH WERE COMING
HOME EARLY TONIGHT!
YUH KNOW YUH'VE
GOT SOME CHORES
TO DO YET BEFORE
YUH GO TO SLEEP!

DON'T WORRY,
UNCLE! I'LL BE
READY BEFORE
YOU GET THROUGH
WITH YOUR
BUSINESS
DEAL!



WELL, YUH'D BETTER MAKE
IT SNAPPY! MR. BLIGHT WILL
BE LEAVING IN ABOUT FIVE
MINUTES!



I'M SORRY I HAD TO
INTERRUPT OUR BUSINESS
TRANSACTION, BLIGHT, BUT
TAKING CARE OF AN ORPHAN
HERE IS A GREAT
RESPONSIBILITY!



I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, CLEM,
ESPECIALLY SINCE SHE'S SO
PRETTY! NOW HYAR'S THE
MONEY PER THIS RANCH AND
ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS GIVE
ME THE DEED TO IT AND OUR
BUSINESS WILL BE
SETTLED!



MYRE IT IS, BLIGHT!
I HOPE YUH
HAVEN'T SAID
ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS
DEAL TO
ANYONE
AS YET!

I'VE KEPT IT A SECRET
AS YUH ASKED ME TO,
CLEM! BUT NOW THAT
WE'VE SIGNED THE
PAPERS GIVING ME
OWNERSHIP OF THE
RANCH, I DON'T
SUPPOSE YUH'LL HAVE
ANY MORE OBJECTIONS
TO MY TELLING
ANYONE!



OF COURSE
NOT! AND
YUH CAN
TAKE IT OVER
ANY TIME
YUH LIKE!

I'LL GIVE YUH
A WEEK TO MOVE
OUT! THAT
SHOULD BE
PLENTY
OF TIME!



AND AS THE NEW OWNER OF THE
PETER'S SPREAD LEAVES...

OKAY, YUH
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

DON'T WORRY,
LEAVE EVERY-
THING TO ME!



AND AS BLIGHT HEADS
FOR TOWN --

WHOA,
THERE!
THIS IS A
STICK-UP!

YOU'RE MAKING A
MISTAKE, HOMBRE,
STICKING ME UP!
I JUST CLOSED A
BIG DEAL AND I DON'T
HAVE ANY MONEY
ON ME!



EMPTY OUT YOUR
POCKETS AND SAVE
THE TALK!



HEY, THOSE PAPERS
ARE THE DEEDS TO
THE CLEM PETERS
RANCH I JUST
BOUGHT! THEY
WON'T BE ANY
GOOD TO YUH!

THAT'S FOR
ME TO MAKE
UP MY MIND
ABOUT! YOU
JUST KEEP
QUIET!



BUT AS THE MASKED BANDIT PUTS
THE PAPERS IN HIS POCKET --

CLEM PETERS IS A SHREWD
ARTICLE! WITHOUT THOSE
PAPERS HE'S LIABLE TO
DENY EVER SELLING ME
THE SPREAD! AND I DON'T
AIM TO LET YUH TAKE
THEM FROM ME!

WHAM!

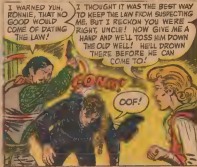
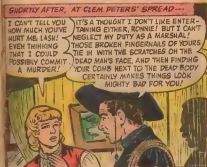


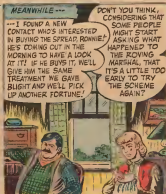
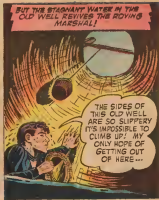
YOU MADE A MISTAKE
STARTING UP WITH
ME, MISTER!

IF I CAN ONLY
REACH THAT
GUN!









MOLASSES MOUTH



SCOOPED



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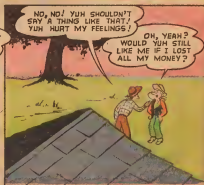
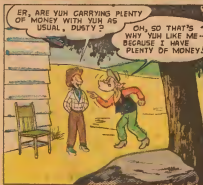
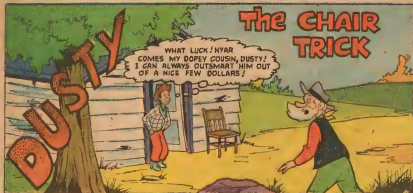
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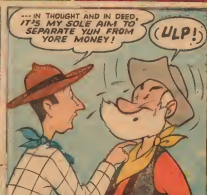
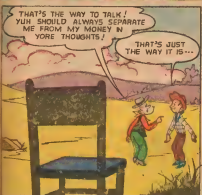
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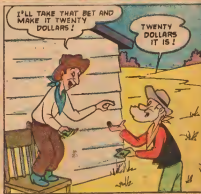
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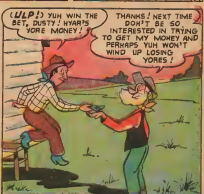
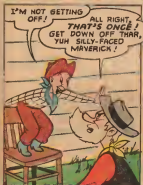
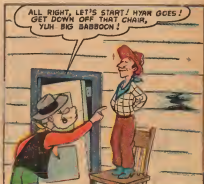
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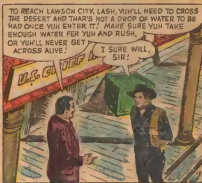
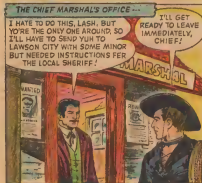
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BUT IS THE CHIEF MARSHAL RIGHT WHEN HE SAYS THERE'S NOT A DROP OF WATER TO BE HAD IN THE DESERT?

MY WATER'S GOING FAST! I'D BETTER GO EASY OR I'LL NEVER MAKE IT ACROSS THIS HYAR DESERT ALIVE!



BUT, SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE A HOUSE OVER THAR! I WONDER IF IT'S REAL OR JUST A MIRAGE?



IT'S REAL ENOUGH! I MIGHT IMAGINE I WAS SEEING THINGS, BUT I WOULDN'T IMAGINE I WAS HEARING THINGS!

WELCOME, STRANGER! WOULD YUH LIKE TO STOP AND REFILL YORE WATER SUPPLY BEFORE YUH GO ON?

I SURE WOULD! BY THE WAY, HOW LONG HAS THIS HOUSE BEEN HYAR? I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS DESERT MANY TIMES AND NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!

MY PARTNER, ZACK, AND I STRUCK IT RICH ON A GOLD VEIN, SO WE DECIDED WE'D LIKE TO SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES DOING GOOD!

AND SINCE WE'VE CROSS'D THIS DESERT MANY TIMES, WE KNEW HOW MUCH IT WOULD BE APPRECIATED IF SOMEONE SET UP A PLACE WHAR TRAVELERS COULD GET A FRESH SUPPLY OF WATER!

HYAR, HAVE A DRINK AND RELAX WHILE WE FILL UP YORE CANTEENS!

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANYBODY WOULD DO THIS OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF THEIR HEARTS!



BUT AFTER CLUNY DRINKS THE WATER---

THE DRINK DID THE TRICK! NOW LET'S GET TO WORK!



AND WHEN CLUNY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---

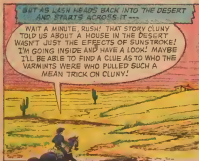
YIPES! MY MONEY'S GONE! AND WHAT'S WORSE, SO IS MY HORSE AND THE LITTLE WATER I HAD LEFT! I'D BETTER SEE IF THOSE VARMINTS LEFT SOME GOOD WATER AROUND BEFORE THEY RAN OFF!

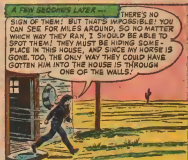


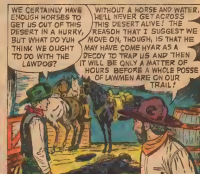
A FEW SECONDS LATER---

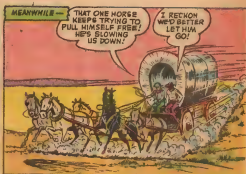
THEY DIDN'T LEAVE A DROP! WITHOUT WATER OR A HORSE, I'LL NEVER MAKE IT ACROSS THIS DESERT! BUT I MIGHT AS WELL TRY! IT WILL BE BETTER THAN JUST SITTING HYAR WAITING TO DIE!











AND AFTER THEY UNBITCH RUSH---



THE FAITHFUL HORSE RUSHES BACK TO WHERE HE KNOWS HIS MASTER HAS BEEN LEFT --- BUT WILL HE BE IN TIME?

SHORTLY AFTER---



I'VE HARDLY GOT THE STRENGTH TO CLIMB INTO THE SADDLE, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT!



GIVING IT ALL HE HAS, RUSH SOON CLOSES DOWN THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE BANDITS AND HIS MASTER!

GREAT WORK, RUSH! YOU'VE PUT THEM WITHIN MY GRASP, BUT THE SUN HAS TAKEN SO MUCH OUT OF ME, I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO BATTLE THOSE HOMBRES!

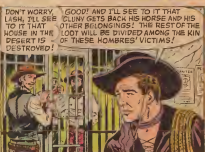


AND EVEN IF I COULD CATCH THEM WITH MY BULLWHIP I WOULDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO HOLD THEM, ONCE I DID!





AND WHEN LASH LARUE DELIVERS THE MESSAGE TO THE SHERIFF IN LAWSON CITY, HE ALSO DELIVERS TWO PRISONERS!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE EVERY MONTH AND IN SIX-GUN HEROES!

(Continued from inside front cover)

"Tain't right, though. They'll never get educated if they're always absent."

U. Otto Tellem wiped his brow as he walked away from the whittling man. He groaned to himself, "It's going to be much harder getting up a team of any kind than I thought. Seems as if they don't go in for any sports at all in this wild frontier country."

Suddenly he smiled as if a great inspiration had just hit him. He slapped his fist into his palm. "I've got it! I'll get up a boxing team. Surely there must be some fighting men out here in this raw west!"

He stopped the next man he met and asked, "Say, is there a good boxer in this town?"

"Well, I should say there is!", replied the man. "Stranger, the best boxer in this whole territory is Bruiser Bimiddle."

"Great! Great! Where can I find the bruiser?"

"Reckon he's down yonder at the back of the freight office, like usual. It's that big building."

Mr. Tellem thanked the man and hurried down to the freight office. At a loading platform in the rear he saw a big, muscular young man, stripped to the waist, placing merchandise in crates.

"Say, are you Bruiser Bimiddle?" asked the man from the east.

"That's me," said Bruiser in a low, growling voice. "What do you want of me?"

"I hear you're a good fighter."

Bruiser looked astonished. "Somebody's been joshing you, stranger. I never have fought anybody and I won't fight anybody. I'm peaceful, I am. Besides, I might skin my knuckles or something and then I wouldn't be able to work."

"But they told me you were a great boxer!" persisted Mr. Tellem.

"Oh, that I am!" responded the Bruiser. "I box all the freight that goes out of this place. I put it in boxes, careful like, so it won't get busted in the freight wagons on the ratty

roads. I reckon I'm the best boxer in this territory!"

U. Otto Tellem, walked away, moaning and mopping his brow again. He was getting very discouraged. But a ray of hope came into his eye when he saw a very tall fellow emerging from the post office. This young man was at least seven feet tall, slender but well built. His ten gallon hat and high-heeled boots made him seem even taller than that. Otto Tellem had to crane his neck as if looking at a skyscraper when he spoke to him. Otto, by now, had become a little bit grouchy because of his disappointment.

He half snarled at the tall man, "I suppose you couldn't shoot a basket if your life depended on it."

The young man retorted, "Oh, I reckon I could shoot a basket all right, Stranger."

"You'd miss," sneered Otto.

"Is that a dare?"

"It's a double dare. I double dare you to show me how you can shoot a basket!" said Otto.

"I hate to do this, but I can't ignore a dare, especially a double dare," said the tall man. Much to Tellem's astonishment, he whipped out a gun and fired one shot. The bullet cracked into a market basket that a woman was carrying out of the general store on top of her head. She screamed in fright as the basket fell to the street with a crash.

THE SHERIFF made an arrest. He arrested U. Otto Tellem for daring a man to shoot a basket. After Otto explained it had all been a misunderstanding, he was released when he promised to buy a new market basket and fill it for the lady. The sheriff gave him a tip, too. And so it was that a month later, Coach Les Fite bought a free dinner for U. Otto Tellem, the man who had brought a championship team to the Interstate Olympics from Rock Bottom, Arizona. It was a rodeo team!

THE END

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